

A
LETTER
From a MINISTER of the
CHURCH of ENGLAND,
Communicated to the Right Honourable the
LORD MAYOR:
RELATING TO
Thomas White, alias Whitebread,
Who was lately Executed for HIGH-TREASON.

S I R,

IN Answer to your Request in two several Letters of yours to your Brother, that Gentleman you mentioned *viz. White, alias Whitebread* (more than twenty years ago) came to *Oxford* under pretence of a Jew converted by some Eminent Divine of the *Presbyterian* way in *London*. But in *Oxford* he pretended a farther light by joyning with, and hearing at the several Churches and Sermons of *Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Dr. Owen*, and some others of the *Independent* or *Congregational* way; but not stedfast there long, (pretending the Apostles Rule to try all things), he fell to the *Anabaptists*, and then to the *Quakers*, amongst whom he challenges *Dr. Owen*, and several others for their Principles, in a Letter written in several Languages, so Learnedly, that it was thought worthy of consideration of the Learned Convocation there, by whom he was censured as a *Jesuit*, or some other Popish Seminarist; and thereupon Imprisoned in the Castle-Prison there, where he pretended a Distraction, and personated the Mad-man so exactly, that in few days some Friends of his procured his Liberty. I saw him several times running up and down the Streets, with his Hat under his Arm full of Stones, throwing at every small Bird he saw; but ere long I met him at a *Papist-house*, where I heard him discourse very gravely, learnedly, and discreetly, where I got not only an acquaintance with him, but familiarity, insomuch that several times in change of Habit he came to visit me, and several other young Scholars in *Magdalen-Colledg*: But at length being again suspected, and like to be apprehended, he got privately away for *London*; I brought him five Miles of his way, and so left him to his designs. In six Months after, business called me to *London*, where after a day or two I heard a Report of a famous Preacher amongst the *Quakers*, near *Charing-Cross*, and the same day met the same Gentleman (then so much famed) going to speak, in an old-fashioned Pincked Fustian-Jerkin, and clouted shooes, and Breeches faced with leather, and a Carters Whip in his hand, altogether disguised from my knowledg of him, but he knew me, and spake with me, and renewed our acquaintance. At present he went about his intended work, and the next day came to my Quarters in a neat habit of a *London-Minister*, and carried me to his Lodgings within the Precincts of the *Middle-Temple*, where I had a good Entertainment, and a view of several strange Habits, in which he disguised himself to the several sorts of people he insinuated himself into; I saw also his Orders from the *Roman Court*, and an Instrument wherein he was assured of, and ordered to receive of certain Merchants a Hundred Pound *Per Annum*, besides an yearly Pension of Eighty Pound *Per Annum* from his Father. I am sure he pretended he was born at *Wittenberg*; his Fathers name *John White*, and in his Writing he himself was stiled *Johannes de Albo* by the Court of *Rome*. He was both *Jesuit* and Priest in Orders; I went with him by Water and visited some Ships; and in one house in *Southwark* he Celebrated the Mass in the Popish mode to more than forty; the same day we visited several *Presbyterians* and others, and I continued in his Company by the space of a Month, when he was apprehended, and by a special Order from the then Protector Imprisoned in the Tower of *London*, where I endeavoured, but was not admitted to visit him. Two years after I understood by a friend of mine and his, that he was freed from his durance, within the space of six Months, and within these four or five years (as far as my friend and I could judge) tampering much with *Independents* in and about *London*; and was seen several times by a friend of mine at *Dr. Manton's* private Lectures in or near the Lord *Wharton's* House, still known by the name of *John White*. He spake as good *English* as any Native, and knew all Cities, Towns, Villages, Hamlets, (in a manner) in all or most part of *England*.

S I R, This is the sum of the Relation I made to your Friend: I bless God I was never noosed in his snare, but rather confirmed in our Christian Principles. In which I pray God continue stedfast both you and

Your Loving Friend, &c.